



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

our ideas are gathered, is under the control of the "greedy, high-handed gold-seekers," as you justly term them. That the mining interest has been liberally dealt with is seen by the London Stock Exchange Year-Book. It gives long lists of Transvaal gold mines that pay from 15 to 675 per cent. a year. That the enemy has no idea of even semblance of fair play is seen by his unwillingness to arbitrate. It is high time, as a matter of international Christian citizenship, for us in America to find a way to emphatically support application of the Hague Peace Conference plan to this case. For Britain to play the high-handed murder and robbery evidently contemplated is cowardly and cruel. For us to fail to vigorously protest will not be creditable to us. The Transvaal has had generations of bitter experience of British driving them north, step by step, from the cape, by instigating savages to murder women and children, rob and burn their homes. Then, assuming that "protection of British subjects" demanded annexation, they have had reason to be exclusive. For a quarter of a century I have been in touch with South Africa. I am personally acquainted with General Joubert and with a prominent judge in their Supreme Court, and others of their leading men and women. They are a people where the Sabbath and the family altar are far more sacred than in Britain or America. In wealth and culture they are our peers. We shall be guilty if we do not insist on arbitration; and on arbitration that arbitrates fairly. Britain has no more right to dictate to that republic than she has to dictate to Massachusetts. Earnestly yours,

GEORGE MAY POWELL,

*President Arbitration Council,
Philadelphia, Pa.*

The American Flag.

BY CECILIA DE VERE.

Read at the Mystic Peace Convention.

It was the emblem of a dawning day,
Type of earth's brave, aggressive hope,
The hope that called to freedom far away
To take a heritage of broader scope.

That flag flashed glory from the loftiest height,
Spanned with new smiles the solemn circling sky,
Holding the stars it rescued from the night
(The stars colonial) sparkling safe and high.

Crushed nations gladly saw through blinding tears
Emancipation's herald, true and bold,
Oppression's air was rent with ringing cheers,
And tyrants read their doom in every fold.

The Young Republic waved it to the gale,
Pressing through curling flame and rolling smoke;
Strong, rapturous voices proudly bade it hail,
While manhood trampled on a royal yoke.

Bright broke the sunburst o'er the battlefield
In splendid contrast to its darkling woe,
Fair rose our ensign, unto freedom sealed,
As free from blood as morning's vivid glow.

'Tis true brave men lay white beneath its bloom,
While sorrow held its staff and wept their fall;
Still of grim war it prophesied the doom,
For honor raised it up at heaven's call.

What was "Old Glory"? Dreamed we it could fade,
Or lose the loveliness that arched the tide?
Was it an idol for our homage made
That matin music reared aloft with pride?

Whate'er it was, the world now sees with pain
That flag subservient to greed's desire,
Treason's black brand, fierce slaughter's crimson stain
And whelming selfishness that blights like fire.

The world now sees the banner of our boasts
Dragged to debasement through invasion's crimes,
Tattered and crumpled 'neath the putrid hosts
Rapaciously cut down in their own climes.

It will not cleanse through leagues of sea outspread,
Nor purify below the tropic sun;
It is the winding sheet of murdered dead,
The pall of victories but lately won.

O Liberty, bend o'er our flag and weep!
Thy tears will fall, not on its stains alone,
But they will fall that schemes so foul and deep
Were bred like serpents in a land thine own;

And that misguided patriotic sons
Were slaughtering helpless ones on sea and shore,
That "Christian" men stood calmly at their guns
And saw poor victims deluged in their gore.

Ah! they forgot the angels' midnight song,
These military slaves who must obey,
Who dare not flinch however great the wrong
That plants its hideous form in virtue's way.

Poor military slaves! they prove apace
The savage blindness that has ruled the years,
When the fair flag that gladness brought the race
Now symbolizes rapine, blood and tears.

It should have fluttered to the angels' song,
The song of morning stars, that still is sung;
Men knelt with varying prayers through ages long,
While but one answer from the chorus rung.

Besieging centuries in garments red,
In clotted rankling raiment, kept earth's ills,
Till simple shepherds heard those strains o'erhead,
Amid the stillness on Judea's hills.

We trace a line of progress from that time;
Learning and science lift their voices strong;
The arts have reached an altitude sublime;
Tradition was entrusted with the song.

O deaf as well as blind the world hath been!
It did not listen to the notes of peace,
Nor hear the saving words, "Goodwill to men."
The much it mastered still excluded these.

Peacemakers, called the children of Great God,—
Shall they not shout with joy's ecstatic thrill?
Shall they not send the messages abroad
Of peace on earth and gentle, pure goodwill?

Yea, when Bethlehem's star doth shine within,
And hearts are tuned to love's angelic sphere,
The whole rich symphony this life shall win;
Hark! the sweet prelude even now we hear.

MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.

The Christian Attitude Toward War in the Light of Recent History.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D. D., OF BOWDON,
ENGLAND.

*Address delivered at the International Congregational Council,
Boston, September 22, 1899.*

The second half of the century began with one of the most delightful of the visions which have enraptured the youth of the world. On May-day, 1851, the first International Industrial Exhibition was opened in London, and we looked on it as the symbol of an abiding peace among the civilized nations. Enlightened self-interest claimed to be a fellow-worker with the gospel; com-

merce wore the look of beneficence; the nations were going to learn their dependence on one another for the fruits of nature and of skill, and free barter was to displace fighting in an ever-enlarging intercourse of man with man. We thought we were on the eve of the fulfilment of Tennyson's prediction:

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags
were furl'd

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in
awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

It was a generous forecast, but it left human nature out of the account. The girders of the Crystal Palace were hardly removed from Hyde Park when the Crimean War broke out, and that war has left behind it fears and anxieties and a mutual distrust that have not since allowed Europe a tranquil year. The United States has entered the comity of nations with a war. Colonial enterprise has awakened ceaseless suspicions; out of it have come campaigns sorely wounding the self-respect of the best European peoples, and an armed peace, scarcely more tolerable, in the view either of economic science or of morality, than war. The close of the century finds us in the midst of "signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

It would be wrong to say that the story of the wars of the last half-century has been wholly ignoble; that they were all base in their conception, ignoble in their execution, unmitigatedly evil in their results. Some of them have been condemnable from beginning to end. It is impossible, for instance, to read the inner history of the Franco-German campaign without seeing the indelible stain it has left, alike and equally, on the reputation of Bismarck and of the Emperor and Empress of the French. Craft, falsehood, wantonness and mean terror brought about the war and marked its conduct. Even here, however, we must distinguish between the courts of Berlin and Paris and the French and German peoples. The rulers would have been powerless for mischief if they had not deluded their subjects: appealing to their patriotism, their enthusiasm, their self-devotion, if also to their pride and ignorance and passion.

But the Crimean War, to take another instance, came out of a generous impulse. The partition of Poland, the betrayal of Hungary, the iniquity of serfdom, and the long agonies endured in Siberia, had awakened in France and England the deepest distrust of Russia, an honest and generous dread of the extension of her power. The cause of freedom, justice and humanity called out the war fever that has been followed by that restless debility in which Europe is found to-day. The friends of Christian peace make no greater mistake than when they belittle and misrepresent the generous motives, misguided it may be and erroneous, but sincere and deep, which sometimes hurry free peoples into war. During the contest between the Northern and Southern States of America, not only did the Lancashire operatives show most pathetically that their sympathies were with one side in the struggle; what was still more significant,

those distinguished advocates of peace, Richard Cobden, John Bright and Henry Richard, were, for the most part, silent until the conflict was over. They could not approve the battles, but they could not be indifferent to the cause. One of the painful incidents of those terrible years of Turkish misrule, when the only happy Armenian was the dead Armenian, was the fact that one sometimes heard Christian men attempting either to belittle the suffering of the Armenians, or to set over against it their restlessness and occasional rebellion. We must be reasonable in our judgment of a people's action, and tender in our remembrance of the oppression which makes a wise man mad.

Indeed, one of the severest condemnations of war as a method emerges when we have frankly acknowledged the generous motives out of which it sometimes comes. War squanders and degrades the noble impulse which gave it being. If the impulse could go at once to its object — as when a father boxes a troublesome boy's ears — there might be some justification for militarism in a civilized community. But this is just what never happens. Months and years intervene between the honest indignation and the declaration of war, and a still longer period drags on until the end of the fighting. Not many persons can bear the strain of a noble purpose, again and again thwarted, its fulfilment indefinitely, hopelessly delayed. History tells us that the martyrs can: it also tells us that the soldier cannot, the politician cannot, the people in public meeting cannot. We have seen the process of deterioration more than once: the nation is sincerely enthusiastic, but the conduct of the war passes into the hands of men with whom war is a profession, and it gives opportunity to the unscrupulous speculator to make his gain. As the months go on, there is great searching of heart among Christians; with those who are not Christians, the generous impulse becomes an ignoble necessity of finishing what has been begun. Then, as the opposition is prolonged, the determination is come to, to use any and every means to put down the enemy; something like a malignant temper may appear where the original motive was so good. If there is a marked inequality between the combatants, or if one side has soundly beaten the other, the conquerors do not stop with righting the original wrong; they aim at punishing the beaten party. The cry *Vae victis* has a pagan sound: have we altered the fact when we talk of "indemnity"? If the nations are fairly matched, both are weary of the struggle long before it is ended; terms are proposed and accepted far less satisfactory to either than could have been arrived at without fighting; but there is no grace in the proposal or the acceptance, only a rankling sense of humiliation and necessity, forbidding concord between the nations.

There has appeared of recent years, in Great Britain, a marked antagonism between the awakened Christian conscience and the consciousness of the necessities of militarism. Although, since 1856, we have taken no part in European campaigns, and for a longer period there has not been any real fear of the invasion of our island, we have had an unbroken experience of fights on the Asiatic and African continents; there has not been a year, Henry Richard used to tell us, during which we have not had some "little war" on hand. The press

correspondents have kept us acquainted with the details of the campaigns, with the result that national interests have been a burden and a pain to the sensitive soul. On the other hand, there have been the most open acknowledgments that, in military matters, the law of Christ must be disregarded. Lord Lytton, once viceroy of India, some of whose verses are deservedly admitted into a book of devotion, "The Cloud of Witnesses," told the Glasgow students, in his address as Lord Rector of the University, that between nations the word "morality" has no place. And Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book" has been more than once quoted from, extracts being given which teach young soldiers how to deceive when on spy duty. He has written that if a soldier is to succeed in this, he must lay aside the belief that "honesty is the best policy." We have given up the practice of praying in our churches for the success of our arms and keeping days of thanksgiving for our victories. There is here at least the merit of frankness; but we do not contemplate without distress the fact that, in a large part of our national life, which claims the bulk of our taxes and engrosses the time of our Parliament, we are obliged to forget that Jesus Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords.

Recent events, moreover, have shown us that war fails conspicuously where its pretensions have been the loudest. It does not inspire and sustain the loftiest courage. Bravery in fighting is one of the primary animal instincts: the tiger has it; so has the dog; so has the Norwegian lemming, a little creature you could cover with the palm of your hand, and which has not the sense to avoid drowning itself when in its migration it reaches the sea. This form of courage seems pretty equally distributed among the races of men. All say they have it. If we admire the fortitude which enables a few hundred British soldiers to await the onslaught of a host of Kaffirs or Nubians, we equally admire the resolution of the naked barbarian advancing against the irresistible fire from Maxim guns. There is a higher power of courage of which war knows nothing. If it were not so sad a spectacle we might find boundless humor in the fact that Europe has been for fifty years amassing armies, which to-day it trembles to behold, perfecting weapons of precision until it is afraid to use them. History knows few more disgraceful sights than the "Concert of Europe"; civilization cowering before barbarism; the most contemptible monarch on the Continent allowed to work his wicked will, because the civilized and Christian governments were afraid of what might happen if any of them opposed him. Seven hundred years of martial training have destroyed the heroic temper of the Crusaders. The fancied necessity of militarism effaces that moral courage, that chivalry and tenderness of honor, which the gospel has called into being. Lord Kitchener is not brave enough to spare the Mahdi's tomb; the Emperor of Germany is not brave enough to discourage duelling, and bid his officers lay by their arrogance towards the civilian. A French court-martial is not brave enough to pronounce him innocent whom no one believes to be guilty. Even the Czar's rescript, noble as it was in its conception, and benignant as we hope it will be in result, had the taint of terror in it; the nations were called to consider the arrest of armaments which they had all

provided and which they were all afraid they might have to use.

We may frankly aver that indignation is an honest impulse, that resistance of wrong, the determination to put it down, ought to have an abiding place in human action; that the call to war, because it is an appeal to common, not to individualistic, effort, may startle the selfish into warmth of heart; and that the discipline, of which the military system has been up to now the chief exponent, has trained men in the subordination of self to society. We may recognize that human sentiment has, from the beginning, tempered the sufferings and the humiliations of war; and that, under Christian influences, regard for the wounded and tenderness towards the vanquished individually have come to be prevailing sentiments. And we may wish that this pitifulness may have full play when whites are in conflict with colored men, as well as in what is called "civilized warfare." But it has become conspicuously clear that war is no instrument in the accomplishment of the highest ends; and that involves — since the highest human ends are always in the consciousness of the true follower of Christ — that it has become hard, and will become impossible, for Christian people to employ it. War may be a fitting instrument for men inflamed with the lust of possession; it fails us when we invoke its aid for unselfish uses. French and English statesmen were aroused to prompt action when Major Marchand was reported at Fashoda; those same statesmen had been pitifully powerless when the Sultan was breaking the Treaty of Berlin.

What we have seen during the last fifty years has been the simultaneous development of the military system and the Christian ideal of life and conduct. It is the growth of the Christian sentiment which has raised the standard of courage, putting the grace of consideration for others into the foremost position once held by nerve; which has made men so sensitively truthful that the system of espionage and the secret service have become intolerable; which have taught us the brotherhood of man, so that we feel as if in war we incurred the guilt of fratricide, and brought home to us the truth that, as death hushes all strife, so should life, of which death is but the solemn consummation. And while the churches have been learning to feel all this, governments have been frankly pagan. Now and then there has been a war in which the specific end has seemed to commend itself alike to the churches and the nations. In reality, the ultimate purpose in view of the churches and the nations has been radically different. Moreover, the churches and the nations do not acknowledge the same sanctions in their conduct, nor obey the same motives; and when you change sanctions and motives, you alter the whole ethical system. The Christian law is this: "So is the will of God, that with well doing ye put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." "It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing." There is not a cabinet in the world where this law is accepted, even dreamed of as a possibility in national action. No statesman, not even he who withdrew the British forces after the defeat of Majuba Hill, because he had learned that he had begun an unjust war in ignorance of the facts of the case, has ever thought of exposing national existence to such a

strain. Yet, until this law is accepted for nations, as it is loyally and obediently accepted by many individual Christians, there will be no security against war. Commercial necessities give us no pledge of peace; enlightened self-interest is not to be trusted, the self is sure to dim the light; the fear of war will not prevent war. And God will not give us peace in any other way than that which is revealed to us in Christ. We cannot enter into alliance with God on our own terms. The suspicion that it is so — I speak not for other nations, I speak for that I know the best and love the most — the suspicion that this is so has checked the military enterprise of Great Britain, and made the wars in which we engage the heaviest burden on patriotic hearts. That is the reason why we have not had for many years a royal proclamation inviting us to prayer for success in war and thanksgiving for victory; why millions of our children have never heard such services, and it is a forgotten art among us how to pray that we may win battles. Instead, there has come to us a great yearning, a continual cry of the heart:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

The story of the Transvaal difficulty is full of instruction. It was a Christian action, so far as it went, to make concessions to the Boers. It was by no means a declaration of the policy of non-resistance; it was an acknowledgment that, as the war was now seen to have been under a misconception, nothing, not even the shame of defeat, could justify its continuance; it was the endeavor of a strong nation to make amends to a weak one. But a noble deed can never stand alone; it must be followed by a noble course of thinking and of action, or the last end may be worse than the first. If both the English and the Boers had been Christian people, as many individuals are so, abiding brotherhood would have been the result. But neither of the nations understood the grandeur of their opportunity. The Boers traded on the consideration which had been shown them; the majority of the English people thought their government had been weak. And when the valorous heart which conceived this new departure had ceased to beat, and the stately voice was heard no more, which said, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace to men of good will"—when again the heresy that "gain is godliness" asserted itself, the old passion was rekindled and reason and justice were unheard. Not for a moment have I regretted that the great experiment was made; it will be followed, even if it seem to have failed. But I do not wonder that men who have not learned the secret of the religion they profess regard Mr. Gladstone's policy as something to be repented of.

There will be no end to the liability of war until nations are Christian in the sense that many men and women are so; and in this sense there is not, and never has been, a Christian nation. But there are nations in which many are troubled about what they tolerate, and asking how war can be stayed. The Hague Conference has brought us light, more than a gleam; it is like the dawning of the day. The original proposal has been rejected; humane suggestions were made only to be voted down; but the Congress has ended more successfully than most of us could have dreamed. The body

of the rescript lies moldering in the grave, but its soul goes marching on. The nations have been told to look to arbitration as a means of preventing war, and methods by which to make it effective have been suggested. Arbitration is a method of law; and as it is true that "*inter arma silent leges*," it is also true that "*inter leges silent arma*." One great cause of war is this: neither men nor nations will believe they are wrong when they are judges in their own cause. The hope of peace through arbitration is this: civilized men and nations may believe they have made a mistake if impartial authorities tell them so. There have been some international arbitrations: in few of them has either side been satisfied with the award; in none have both sides been satisfied. Nevertheless, the awards have been accepted, wars have been prevented, and arbitration has been resorted to again. So has duelling disappeared in states where the law can be trusted. It is not that wrong is never done; but the habit of appealing to law takes away the desire to resort to arms.

Arbitration is law, is reason; and where law and reason are, Christ's words may be spoken and will be heard. Arbitration will not destroy greed, the lust of possession and the pride of power; but it will provide the conditions in which better influences may prevail. We shall not be released, by the acceptance of arbitration, from the duty to proclaim the Christian way of overcoming international evil with international good. We shall indeed have better opportunities of preaching this, and we ought to use them. Unless we do so, we must not complain that this truth cannot be received. All truth is received by some when it is set forth; very often received by most unlikely people. Some faithful sons of the Pilgrims have criticized John Robinson for censuring Myles Standish in that matter of the "poor Indians," some of whom Robinson wished had been converted before so many had been killed. We do not read that the "choleric captain" himself resented the admonition. It is always the idealist who leads, the practical man who trots behind. Myles Standish is sure to listen to John Robinson, if only John Robinson will speak, and speak in time.

The Peace Cross.

BY SARAH F. SMILEY.

Address at the Mohonk Arbitration Conference.

I am glad to be here to-night as a representative from that little district in our great country in which women have no right to vote, — and neither have men. But one privilege is left them; they can do all the more thinking, and as much talking as they please, — and so can women.

About a year ago we did a great deal of thinking, and not much talking. All hearts were stirred, and the whole question of war and arbitration and peace was deeply studied. Then in the autumn, when it was all over, we had a great object lesson, which I would like in a few words to describe, because it taught us more than all our thinking had done.

It was in the last days of the beautiful October, on a Sunday afternoon, that the whole city seemed with one accord to turn its steps towards St. Albans Mount, in the